

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

HEREA, : : KENTUCKY.

THE GLADNESS THAT IS BEST.

I would not always have it fair,
I would not have that summer days;
He that is never bowed with care
Must walk in uneventful ways.
The disappointments men must learn
To bear before their fortunes turn.
Make doubly sweet the critic's praise.

Did she but smile day after day
And ever wait your beck and call,
Your love for her would melt away,
The idol you have raised would fall.
The tender look that follows when
She weeps and tries her tears again
Is always sweetest, after all.

The painted toys that lie around
In careless heaps upon the floor
Were put away awhile—you found
No sweet one waiting at the door.
But Death was cheated of his prey,
And he whose shouts you hear to-day
Is dearer than he was before.

I would not have it always fair,
Nor always walk in easy ways;
A foolish clown alone would care
To listen always unto praise.
I they in heaven are truly blest
And know the gladness that is best,
There, too, must be some gloomy days.
—E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Mr. Phineas Marvell

MRS. HYDE kept boarders. Mrs. Hyde was a little, dried-up widow, with a constitutional toothache and a mild, meek way of taking the world as it came to her. For 50 years she had battled against misfortune until the warfare had become second nature to her.

"But there's one blessing that I have to be thankful for," she would say. "Mr. Marvell has kept true to me through it all as the needle to the pole."

From this it need not be inferred that Mr. Marvell was a lover of the little widow. Far from it. He was only her best boarder—the boarder who for half a score of years had occupied her "first floor front," and paid his bills as regularly as the Saturday night came around.

He was a bachelor, as may be supposed—a man who was as full of whims and caprices as an egg is of meat, yet who carried a kindly heart in his bosom beneath it all.

But on this special Friday morning his eyes blazed wrathfully—the tip of his nose hung forth a crimson flag of indignation, as Mrs. Hyde came meekly into his presence.

"A month's warning, ma'am," was all that he said.

Mrs. Hyde caught at the nearest chair for support.

"Mr. Marvell!" she gasped.

"Now, ma'am, it isn't at all worth while to go through any scenes," said the bachelor, callously. "I am a practical man, as you ought to know by this time. And I'm not in the habit of wasting words. Put up a bill. Advertise. Let your room as soon as you can, for I move out to-morrow, although, as a token of respect for your many good qualities, I shall pay my bills up to the first of June."

"La, Mr. Marvell!" faintly ejaculated the widow. "How can I possibly have offended you?"

"Ask your own conscience, ma'am!" sternly retorted Mr. Marvell.

"Because if it's on account of Patty and her babies—"

"It's precisely on that account, ma'am. I was awakened last night by the screaming of a child."

"It's cutting eye-teeth, poor dear," interposed Mrs. Hyde.

"And this morning, on making inquiries," relentlessly went on the bachelor, "I learned that you had actually taken in your widowed niece and her twin babies. Twins, ma'am! One would have been enough—too much, in fact—but when it comes to twins—"

"Patty had nowhere else to go, sir," said Mrs. Hyde, apologetically, "and she'll be useful about the house. Patty's a good girl, sir."

"I dare say," said Mr. Marvell. "But I can't stay in the same house with twins—so, as I before remarked, put up a bill as soon as you please."

"Please, sir, I'll put Patty and the children on the top floor, where they can't possibly disturb you."

"I tell you once for all, ma'am, that I can't tolerate children, and I won't! Will you be kind enough to leave me now?"

So Mrs. Hyde went downstairs to burst into tears, back of the pantry door, where Patty Smith, with one twin tied in the high chair and the other swarming over the floor, like a magnificent beetle, was beating eggs for the dinner custard.

"Aunt, what's the matter?" demanded Patty, still whisking vigorously away at the custard.

"He's going, my dear."

"Who? Mr. Marvell?"

"Yes."

"Well, let him go, aunt," said Patty, cheerfully. She was a dimpled, pretty little lady, with pleasant black eyes, and black hair, parted low on her forehead—not quite 20, in spite of her widowhood and her twins! "It's a cheerful room—you'll soon fill up the vacancy."

"But not with such a man as Phineas Marvell," groaned Mrs. Hyde. "O, Patty, you don't know him!"

"I know he must be a crusty old piece, aunt, or he never would object to the dear, darling little babies," said Patty, with a loving glance at the twins. "Don't fret now, there's a dear! I'll all come right, see if it don't. I'll write an advertisement myself and take it down to the newspaper office this afternoon."

So Mr. Marvell packed up his goods and left, and Mrs. Hyde cried.

"It seems such a pity," said she, "after ten years!"

"Don't mind it, auntie," said the courageous Patty, "I'm sure he must

be a selfish creature, or he never would serve you so."

Hardly a month had elapsed when a sour-visaged woman came to the Hyde house and requested an audience with the mistress thereof.

"You know of old Marvell, I suppose," said she.

"I know Mr. Phineas Marvell," answered Mrs. Hyde, with dignity.

"Well, it's all the same," retorted she of the acidulated countenance. "He's boarded at our house three weeks and four days. He's down with the smallpox."

"O, my!" ejaculated Mrs. Hyde.

"Poor, dear soul. And who takes care of him?"

"That's just the question," said the visitor. "I can't. I've got my family, as never has had the smallpox, to think of—and the other boarders has all cleared out, and the doctor don't know of no one as would be willing to undertake the risk. Perhaps you could come?"

Mrs. Hyde visibly recoiled.

"N—no!" she answered. "I would rather not. As you say yourself, it's a great risk to run, and—"

But Patty Smith, who had listened in silence heretofore, stepped forward.

"I'll go, auntie," said she. "If you'll take care of the twins, I have had the smallpox. I am not afraid of it."

"But Patty, I thought you disliked Mr. Marvell so much?"

"I did," said Patty, with a smile and a shrug of her shoulders. "But it isn't worth while to think of that now. He is sick and solitary, and he is a fellow-creature. That is enough."

And Patty packed her little bundle, kissed the peachy unconscious cheeks of the twins, and went on her mission like a new variety of Soeur de Charite.

What a disconsolate scene was that! In the midst of which lay Mr. Marvell, tossing on a bed of sickness. A fireless grate, undraped windows, through which the sun beat with merciless brilliancy; dust in every spot on which dust could possibly alight, and pillow and bed linen a week old.

"I'll soon set all these matters straight," said Patty, moving around with the quick decision that was natural to her. And within half an hour the scene had assumed a more homelike look, even to the staring, unconscious eyes of the delirious man.

"Who are you? An angel?" he asked, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"No," she answered, smiling to herself. "I'm Patty."

"Don't leave me," he urged. "It's dreadful to be left alone."

"No," she answered. "I won't."

Phineas Marvell lay ill for a month—and with slow recovery came a sense of all that Patty Smith had done for him.

"I'll tell you what," said the doctor, on the day that he made his last professional visit, "if it hadn't been for Mrs. Smith you would have been snugly stowed away between four mahogany boards by this time, my friend."

"I know it," Mr. Marvell answered.

"Well," said Mrs. Hyde, when at last

Patty returned home and hugged the twins within an inch of their lives, "I hope the poor, dear gentleman is better."

"O, he's all right now!" said Patty. "He's coming back to-morrow or the next day. Is the room all ready?"

"All ready," Mrs. Hyde answered.

Mr. Marvell returned the next day and once more took possession of his old quarters.

"Mrs. Hyde," said he, with a little embarrassment, when that lady came upstairs to inquire his wishes in regard to any early tea, "there's something I perhaps ought to mention to you."

"Indeed, sir!" said the wondering Mrs. Hyde. "What is it?"

"I'm going to be married!" announced the bachelor, with infinite sheepishness.

"Married, sir! You? Dear, dear! Then you'll be leaving me again, I shouldn't wonder."

"Not necessarily, Mrs. Hyde. I dare say you and my future wife will get along comfortably together."

"Indeed, sir!"

"For I'm going to marry—Patty."

"Patty?" echoed Mrs. Hyde.

"Yes, Patty."

"And how about the twins?" demanded the amazed matron.

"The twins, Mrs. Hyde, are the dearest little creatures in the world."

And, improbable as it may seem, Mr. Marvell really looked as if he believed what he said.

It was all true. He did marry Patty—and he was proud of his pretty, energetic little wife, and still more proud, strange to say, of the twins!

"I wouldn't believe it unless I'd seen it with my own eyes," said Mrs. Hyde. "He's never could endure children afore! But I'm as pleased as Punch for Patty's sake!"

And Patty and her middle-aged husband were serenely happy together.

N. Y. Daily News.

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

International Sunday School Lesson
for July 9, 1890.—Text, Daniel
1:8-21.—Memory Verses 17-20.

(Specially Adapted from Peloubet's Notes.)
GOLDEN TEXT.—Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.—Dan. 1:8.

THIS lesson may be used as a temperance lesson.

READ the whole chapter.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—2 Kings 24:1-2 Chron. 36:1-2.

TIME.—B. C. 605-3. The beginning of the 70-years' captivity.

PLACE.—Babylon, on the Euphrates, 50 miles east of Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Jehoiakim, king of Judah; Nebuchadnezzar, of Babylon.

PROPHETS.—Jeremiah and Habakkuk at Jerusalem at the time Daniel was carried captive, and later on Ezekiel among the captives in Babylon, and Obadiah in Judah, were contemporaries of Daniel.

Daniel. At this time 14 years old, born at Jerusalem of noble parentage, carried captive to Babylon, where he lived all the 70 years' captivity. A great statesman, a learned scientific man, a true prophet of the noblest character, he lived at least till B. C. 561, and died at the age of 85 or more.

EXPLANATORY.

I. The Tempted.—In our last lesson we were looking upon Israel during the years before its final captivity, B. C. 722. To-day we pass over more than a century of time, and into the kingdom of Judah, and look upon that nation at the beginning of its captivity, which came upon it for the same sins that ruined the northern kingdom. Among the first captives were Daniel and three companions, who were afterwards cast into the fiery furnace and escaped unharmed.

II. The Temptation.—V. 8. What was the wrong in eating the king's food? (1) The dietary might comprise articles of food, such as the flesh of swine, hares, etc., which the law interdicted to the Israelites (Lev. 11). (2) The flesh might not have been perfectly cleansed from blood, and hence forbidden by the Jewish law (Lev. 17:12-14). Jews, even at this day, have their own butchers, and regard as unclean the meat prepared in the ordinary way. (3) The universal custom among the heathen of consecrating a portion of each meal by offering a portion of it to their idols, and pouring out libations of wine in their honor. (4) The luxurious diet provided by the king would corrupt the body and diminish the vigor of the mind. Nor with the wine. He had probably seen its effects on others, and the bad company and danger into which it led. Probably these were far worse at Babylon than in Palestine.

III. How the Victory Over Temptation Was Gained.—Vs. 8-15. First. He "purposed in his heart." They came to a decision.

Second. They had an early religious training, as was common among the best Jews.

Third. Their sudden departure from home, to be thrown upon their own resources, probably helped them to take a decided stand for their religion and their God.

Fourth. They used wise means. "He requested the prince of the eunuchs."

Fifth. The Divine favor was with him. V. 9. "Now God had brought Daniel into favor and tender love."

Sixth. By proving the value of his course. V. 12. "Give us pulse to eat: Leguminous plants or their seed, as beans, peas, etc. V. 13. "At the end of ten days," etc., as short a time as would suffice for a thorough test. The result was all that was claimed.

IV. The Crown of Victory.—Vs. 16-21. There were several jewels in this crown.

First Jewel. The best physical condition; bodily health, strength, beauty, energy; fitting the body for its best work and its highest joys.

Second Jewel. The finest mental powers and highest culture.—V. 17.

Third Jewel. The victory over temptation improved, strengthened and ennobled the character.

Fourth Jewel. High position, like a city set upon a hill, whence they could exert the widest influence. Vs. 18-20. "And in all matters of wisdom and understanding." In everything which required peculiar wisdom to understand and to explain. "He found them ten times better." Better counselors, better informed.—Barnes. "Than all the magicians and astrologers." The magicians were the learned class, the scribes the priestly class. "The astrologers," "reasoners from the stars," were the scientific men, versed in magic and occult science.

Fifth Jewel. A long life of eminent service. V. 21. "Daniel continued even unto the first year of King Cyrus." B. C. 539, when Cyrus, having conquered Babylon, issued his edict for the rebuilding of the temple. Daniel had thus about 70 years of public service.

TEMPERANCE APPLICATION.

Strong drink is one of the most powerful and most visible of temptations; but temptation appeals to every bodily appetite and every wrong feeling of the mind. "What shall I do? What shall I be king and sit on the throne of my heart?" Shall passion and appetite control my nature, subdue my conscience, guide my life and decide my future? Or shall conscience, and reason, and love to God and man control my body, and govern my whole lower nature? What rules the soul decides its quality and its destiny. The only way to be safe against the temptation to strong drink is to subdue all the bodily appetites, and make God our king and His love our life.

Flies and Thistles.

Love only can buy love.

Truth is moral dynamite.

The Bible is for our transformation; all other books for information.

God may be worshiped at the bench as truly as at the altar.

The interest of the world in Christ is apt to be that of Herod or of Judas.

So great is the least man, that nothing less than God will ever satisfy him.

Men may be born with fortunes ready made, but character they have to achieve.—Ran's Horn.



"I WANT TO GO HOME."
Distressing scene on the streets of Chicago—A Little Boy's Plea.

A crowd gathered on the corner of Lake and Fifty-second streets drew the attention of all passers-by. In the center of the crowd a boy of seven or eight years was holding with both hands the hand of a man past middle age. The man was so drunk that he could not give an intelligent answer to the questions asked him by different members of the crowd.

The child was sobbing as the tears ran down his cheeks. "I want to go home." The crowd sympathized with the child. One man, evidently a barber from his coat and apron, was particularly interested and asked half angrily of the man: "Where are you taking the boy to?" and the drunk man stared at him. "It isn't right to let him take that child as drunk as he is," said another man. "He was beating the boy here a little bit ago because he cried to go home."

A stout man worked his way through the crowd, saying: "Let me speak to the boy?" He stooped down and the boy evidently saw sympathy in his face.



for he stopped crying. "Is that man your father?" he asked. "Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Where do you live?"

"We live on Fred street, in Whiting, Indiana."

"What are you doing out here? This isn't the way to Whiting?"

"We made a mistake," said the child, and turning to his father he pleaded, "I want to go home."

"You'll have to take the car back to the city," said the stout man, and the drunken father awakened from his stupor long enough to say in broken English that he would go home, but when the child pulled him in the direction of the cars he raised his hand to strike.

"Don't you hit him!" said several of the crowd, and the passer-by was compelled to hurry on and saw no more. He wondered how many hundreds and thousands of similar cases, where children cry because of drunken parents, occur every day in this great saloon-cursed Chicago.—Lever.

GLEANINGS.

Drinking to drown one's misery, is putting out a fire with oil.—Ran's Horn.

Liberty is not the right to do what you like, but the liking to do what is right.—National Advocate.

The king of Italy, although the head of one of the greatest wine-producing countries, is almost an abstainer.

How far does all the guilt of keeping a saloon fall short of involving every man who says it may be kept?—Lever.

A new German total abstinence journal has just been launched in Lutzenburg, Holstein. It is the organ of the German Teachers' Abstinence association, and is called Die Enthaltenskirche.

The W. C. T. U. of Crown Point, Ind., has won an important victory by getting an order from the post office department at Washington to move the post office, which is now over a saloon.

At Oelwein, Ia., there will be no saloon this year, the petition for male saloons being short 73 names, only 519 being secured out of 583 necessary to complete the quota of 50 per cent.

If we are not able to destroy the liquor traffic by our utmost possible opposition to it, we are yet able thereby to free ourselves from personal responsibility for it, and in no other way can we do that.—Lever.

The Iowa supreme court has recently rendered a decision to the effect that a person who obtains liquor for a habitual drunkard, who has been "posted" as such, is as guilty of violating the law as would the liquor dealer have been did he furnish the liquor to the tabooed individual himself.

Can't Get Back the Wine.

The late Sir Walter Trevelyan bequeathed his cellar of wines and spirits to the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson for scientific purposes. The liquor was stored in Sir Benjamin's cellar, and there it remained at his death.

A suit in chancery has settled the question of ownership. The Trevelyan family contended that the wine was given on a trust which had failed, so that it reverted to them. The Richardson family, said to be staunch teetotalers, contended that the bequest was absolute, and formed part of Sir Benjamin's estate. The judge took the latter view, holding that the wine was given to the great English temperance physician.

ITS DIETETIC CAUSES.

Inebriety is Primarily a Disease—Certain Well-Defined Pathological Conditions Precede It.

Inebriety is one of the most complex nervous and obscure borderland diseases known. To the average practitioner the inebriate is simply a weak, willful, vicious man, who has full power to do different, but will not exercise it. When the inebriate is examined carefully, and all the facts of his inheritance and nutritional and also mental life and growth are grouped, a uniform progressive line of disease is found. The pathologic conditions which precede alcohol, and the conditions which follow from its use, are marked in different degrees. The former are not recognized and the latter have only recently come into prominence. The use of alcohol is followed by condition which differ very widely, and are unexplainable except by a study of preceding conditions before spirits were used. One of these conditions is heredity, that is the transmission of defects and predispositions to degenerate in certain directions, with or without special exciting causes. Another is nutrition, a third is disease and traumatism and its sequelae, a fourth is culture and refinement, and so on through a long list of causes. In all cases it may be said that the nerve centers suffer from practical starvation, and the narcotism from alcohol is grateful in covering up the irritation and the pain which demand relief.

From his study of this subject, T. D. Crothers, M. D., presents the following summary in the Journal of Inebriety:

1. Inebriety is a most complex neurosis. The causes are equally complex, and include all the various stages of degeneration which influence and disturb nutrition.

2. Obscure indigestion begins, and for this drugs and bitters containing alcohol are used. The narcotism which follows is so grateful that it is continued.

3. Dietetic delusions are fostered in the minds of parents and children, and from this many different forms of inebriety begin.

4. Often the most manifold and chronic inebriates are from these delusional dyspepsias.

5. Starvation is present in many of these cases. The quality and variety of foods are deficient, and defective nourishment follows.

6. The uniformity of taking foods and the quality and variety are essential. This and nutritional rest and mental anxiety are important factors.

7. The inebriety following these conditions is successfully treated by elimination of the toxins and special correction of the nutrition.

8. Nutrition is a very active cause in the production of inebriety, and should receive a careful study in all cases.

AMERICAN LIQUORS.

Doing Their Deadly Work in Cuba and Porto Rico—Drunkennes Is on the Increase.

Rev. Dr. A. B. Leonard, who has made a personal inspection of Porto Rico and the conditions existing there, writes as follows to the Central Christian Advocate.

"Heretofore the Cubans and Porto Ricans have not been given to drunkenness, but the great amount of hard liquors being introduced gives promise of widespread dissipation in the near future. The light wines have created the necessity for a stimulant, and the use of strong liquors will be increasingly in demand. The liquor dealers of the United States are not slow to avail themselves of the new market these islands afford. Their drummers swarm in all the towns and cities, and their brands of liquors are placed in all the hotels and public places. If something is not done to prevent the sale of American liquors in these islands within half a decade drunkenness will prevail to an awful extent, which, added to existing sources of demoralization, may well make one shudder when he contemplates the future. It is claimed that drunkenness is on the increase in Porto Rico since the United States has assumed control, which, if true, is cause for shame, and calls loudly upon the government to take measures to arrest the evil."

Regulation.

Magistrates of Glasgow have approved of three recommendations for the regulation of the sale of alcoholic liquors to women and children. These are: (1) That no liquor shall be delivered to children who are under 12 years of age; (2) That no sweets, sweetmeats, toys or presents of any kind should be given to young people sent to licensed premises for liquor; (3) That no liquor should be sold for consumption in the parts of public houses set aside as family departments. A copy of the recommendations was to be sent to every license holder in the city.—Alliance Record.

Coffee for the Inebriate.

A traveler has made the observation that coffee-drinking people are very seldom given to drunkenness. In Brazil, for instance, where coffee is grown extensively, and all the inhabitants drink it many times a day, intoxication is rarely seen. The effect is not only noticeable among the natives, but the foreigner who settles there, though possessed of ever such a passion for strong drink, gradually loses his liking for alcohol as he acquires the coffee-drinking habit of the Brazilian.

Agitation Spreading.

The agitation against the excessive use of liquor, which already has made such headway in France and Belgium, is extending throughout western Europe. This work in Absence-Lorraine is carried on under the auspices of the Blue Cross league, which devotes its attention both to relieving misery caused by alcoholic indulgence and—as its principal activity—to preventive work among the workmen.

"Durability is Better Than Show."

The wealth of the multi-millionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health.



A COSTLY ERROR.

The Merchant Thought the Assessor Was a Representative of Broadstreet's.

One of the lawyers says that a client of his is the hero of this story, and that it happened here within a year or two. A man from the assessor's office went into the store of a Hebrew merchant in the pursuit of his duties. The two had a slight acquaintance, so that the assistant assessor did not think it necessary to explain his business. He was rather surprised when, in answer to his questions, the storekeeper proceeded to dilate on the value of his stock.

"Do insist on any more of the stock in the city. It isn't worth a cent less than \$5,000."

"Suppose I put it down at that, then," said the assessor's man.

"Is it, is it," said the proprietor. "You mustn't mistake."

So the assessor's man did it. There was lamentation in the store when the tax bill showed the proprietor that he was taxed on \$5,000 personal, and he rushed over to the assessor's office with all possible speed.

"What is this? What is this?" he asked them, excitedly. "I have no personal but the stock in my store. I'm a florist it's worth \$500. Come down and look it over."

They told him that the records showed that he had given the figure to the assistant assessor.

His hands went up over his head in horror. "My goodness, my goodness!" he shouted. "A tax on my stock! I thought he was from Broadstreet's!"—Worcester Gazette.

YACHTING.

With nearly all who are seeking a place to spend the vacation time, or to live for the summer season a prime requisite is suitable water for sailing. There are many desires and different ideas on this subject as on fishing or any other sport. For some racing alone is attractive, for others long cruises with frequent stopovers making good harbors necessities, and then there are a great many who desire quiet water and with whom safety is the first thought.

Long Island with its two hundred and fifty miles of coast line offers to every class of sailor his heart's desire. Yachtmen have found the sail around Long Island one of the most attractive and varied courses known. Along the track of the big liners on the Ocean or South Shore, or down the Sound with its numberless bays, beautiful harbors and safe anchorage; the harbors surrounded as they are by wooded hills, beautiful towns and picturesque villages, abrupt cliffs and stretching beauties of the South Shore give new pleasures each day. In the Sound the early trials of all the famous racers which have successfully defended the cup against all comers for years have been made. Many of the most famous clubs have fine houses and every possible comfort for the yachtmen. On the South Shore there is another attraction in its Great South Bay, Shinnecock Bay and the many connections separated from the Ocean by Fire Island. While the water is constantly changing